

Royal Secret: I'm A Princess!

Chapter 58 - THE PRETTIEST SHADE OF PINK

"PRINCESS Neoma is now the owner of the Grimoire?" Nikolai asked to be assured that he didn't hear it wrong. "And how did you know that, Your Holiness?"

He was still in the Royal Tower.

This time, he was in the conference room with Saint Zavaroni, Rufus, and Kyle.

On the other hand, he put Glenn in-charge of the children. As of now, the brats (Neoma, Nero, and Lewis) were in the next room with Trevor— the talking demon book.

"That's right, Your Majesty," Saint Zavaroni said. "The Devil's earthly power is the opposite of my divine power. To simply put, it's my job to make sure that the Devil's power won't affect the empire in any way."

Well, he knew that as well.

After all, the temple was built to make sure that it would protect the empire from "earthly power" that the Devil and their demons possessed.

"I noticed a strange movement of the Devil's earthly power a while ago," the saint continued. "When I tried to track the Devil's location, I was surprised when I found it mingled with Princess Neoma's pure Mana. When I met the royal princess a while ago, my thoughts were confirmed: the royal princess has the mark of the Devil now."

"Then, is the royal princess a threat to the empire now?" Kyle asked indifferently. "Do we need to take care of it, Your Holiness?"

"Lord Sprouse, His Majesty's callousness is rubbing off on you," Rufus complained in a casual manner as if he just didn't insult the emperor. "Is killing the only solution that you can think of? Aren't you supposed to be the smart aide of His Majesty, huh?"

"And this is why you can't work for His Majesty," Kyle snapped back. "You're too soft-hearted, Lord Quinzel."

The saint quietly sipped his tea while the two lords glared at each other.

These two never change.

"Your Holiness, do you think that the Devil's mark being owned by Princess Neoma is going to be a problem?" Nikolai asked the saint. "Will the royal princess be controlled by the Devil's power?"

"When I checked Princess Neoma's state a while ago, I didn't see any problem yet," Saint Zavaroni said. "The royal princess's pure Mana overwhelms the Devil's earthly power. And based on her feisty personality, I don't think she's the type to be easily possessed."

"That, I believe," Nikolai agreed while nodding his head.

Knowing Neoma, he wouldn't be surprised if she beat the hell out of the Devil's power just to make it obey her.

She's as hot-tempered as the late Princess Royal.

Also, the image of the little royal princess cussing at the demon power inside her almost made him laugh.

Heh. She'd definitely do that.

His thoughts were cut-off when he realized that the saint and the two lords were giving him a strange look.

"What?" Nikolai complained.

"You're smiling, Your Majesty," Rufus, Kyle, and Saint Zavaroni said in unison, disbelief evident in their tone.

He scowled and was about to deny the ridiculous accusation when all of a sudden, they felt a burst of dark energy from the room next door.

The Devil's earthly power.

Nikolai immediately stood up. "Let's check on the children first, gentlemen," he said, then he paused before he denied the previous accusation against him. "And I didn't smile, okay?"

"TURN PINK. And not just any pink— I want baby pink in particular," Neoma commanded Skewer while shaking it in her tiny hands. "I don't want to wield a weapon with such a boring color."

She didn't care about the "Death's Scythe" at first but now that she knew that she already owned it, then she wanted it to turn into her style. If she would wield a weapon, she'd rather wield one with a pink handle.

Anyway, she stopped "fighting" Skewer when she realized that Trevor, Lewis, and Nero were all looking at her. It seemed like the three boys forgot that they were fighting and found her more interesting instead.

"What?" Neoma complained. "Is it wrong to want a baby pink weapon? It's the prettiest shade of pink, you know?"

"Of course not," Nero said with a smile. "You look lovely on pink, Neoma. I'm sure a pink weapon will suit you just fine."

Lewis nodded in agreement. "Princess pink pretty."

"My condolences, Death's Scythe," Trevor said in his usual mocking tone. "First, the Moon Princess gave you a nasty new name. And now, she wanted to change your appearance. She's practically

murdering the hell out of you."

Nero and Lewis glared at Trevor who just smirked.

She just rolled her eyes at the talking demon book, then she proceeded in "harassing" Skewer. "Hey, did you hear me?" she asked the scythe while shaking its handle. The curved blade didn't look scary anymore because it was reduced to a regular kitchen knife's size. "I want you to turn your handle into pink, and your blade into jet-black. You know, just like BL*CKP*NK in your area." She shook Skewer harder. "Turn pink, turn pink, turn pink—"

"See? Does it look like the royal princess will get possessed by the Devil's power?"

She stopped shaking the scythe to turn to where the voice came from.

Besides her Papa Boss, she saw Saint Zavaroni, Count Sprouse, and Duke Quinzel. The three men were looking at her with different reactions.

Emperor Nikolai looked proud of himself for some reason.

Saint Zavaroni looked like he was stifling his laughter. The duke looked amused, while the count was shaking his head.

Sh*t.

Neoma slowly hid Skewer behind her back, then she smiled brightly at the three men. "How are you, gentlemen?"

"LEWIS, let me ask you a question," Nero asked the foxy boy as he sat on the sofa while having tea. Right now, he was left in the tea room with Lewis and Glenn. The emperor took Neoma and Trevor with them to talk about the Devil's mark or something. Of course, he was worried about his precious little sister's new strange power. But he had something important to settle with Lewis first. "If someone as sketchy as that Trevor guy proposes to my Neoma, what will you

do?"

Lewis, who stood in front of him, made a slash-the-throat gesture. "Kill."

Glenn, who stood behind him, let out a strange snorting sound.

The knight might have stifled his laughter. Well, he didn't care if Glenn found their conversation funny. The important thing was he knew both him and Lewis were serious.

"Good," he said to the foxy boy. "I can entrust Neoma to you until I return."

The foxy boy just gave a firm nod as a response.

That was good enough for him.

He knew that Lewis was strong and he didn't seem interested in Neoma in a romantic sense. Maybe the foxy boy didn't even understand human emotions. But most of all, he could see that his precious twin sister really only saw Lewis as her "son."

For those reasons, he decided to trust Lewis and leave Neoma in his care while he was gone.

Nero stood up. He was about to put a hand on Lewis's shoulder but the foxy boy took a step backwards. He understood why he hated skinship. So he just put his hands behind his back and respected Lewis's personal space. "Protect and look after Neoma in my place, Lewis," he said, then he gave him a bright smile. "Since you are my precious twin sister's "son," that makes you my nephew, right?"

"Me not princess son," Lewis said firmly while shaking his head. "Me not prince nephew."

Hi. You may now send GIFTs to our Neoma. Thank you~
